

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

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CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

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BY CHARLES M. CHASE.

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From the New York Leader.]

The Runner's Lament.

I was a jolly runner bold,
When runners were all hunk;
I ran to fives, I fought, I swore,
And occupied a seat all the day,
And kept awake at night;
With joy I heard the clanging bells,
And saw the rising light.
My blood went tingling through my veins
My heart throbbed with desire,
When I heard the welcome cry,
"Turn out, boys! Fire! Fire! Fire!"
The rattle of the traps—
The hose cart bells—the trumpet shout—
The Hall bell dead and loud!
Hall! bold boys, first at the fire,
Run out on the leathern hose;
Quick, Sykes, now and take the butt,
Turn out, boys! Fire! Fire! Fire!
The rattle of the traps—
The hose cart bells—the trumpet shout—
Now wield the hook and swing the axe
With wild directed stroke.

And when the fire was mostly quenched,
And smoke obscured the stars,
Some Trump, some open heart, would treat
And sing a song.
Then into Carter's or Udell's,
We rushed amid hi! hi!
To get our coffee smoking hot,
And butter cakes and pies.
These were the joys I used to share,
(On which I love to dwell,)—
Until the rattle of the traps.
Those traps that rung the runner's knell.
Those traps that used to ask me drink,
Now give me the pass-by!
I know not what to do, or think,
Unless it—
I tell ye, Fire Commissioners!
Your ardor sways,
Has robbed the Fire Department
Of its former mainstay.
Though now ye swell with pomp and pride,
In all your great renown;
Your power, like *Kilroy's Pole*, will rot,
And the boys will take you down!

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Forger upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And what'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe;
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave the heart and strong the arm,
You will never fail;
When the world is dark and dark,
Keep an eye in view,
And towards the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From the sunny source has gone,
To the dark sea.
The last not an hours delay
Cheat you of your due,
But while it is called to day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty seat and power,
Honesty and ready health
Are a better dowry;
But if these will not suffice,
And to reach the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hands of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Fight for the right;
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slaves, mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won:
Nothing great is lost,
Every good need, nobly done,
Will repay the cost,
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,
All you wish to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

A newly married couple from away down
East were one night lying in the bed talking
over matters and things, when a heavy thunder
storm arose. The loud peals of thunder and vivid
flashes of lightning filled them with terror and fear-
ful apprehensions. Suddenly a tremendous crash
caused the loving pair to start, though they had
received an electric shock. Jonathan, throwing
his arm around his dear, exclaimed, "Hug up to
me, Liz, let's die like men."

A coquette is a rose bud, from which every
young beau plucks a leaf and leaves a thorn for
the husband.

CAPTURING A WHALE.

BY A BOATSTEERER.

It was a beautiful morning in June, 185—, that the barque *—*, of N. B., was cruising for sperm whales in lat. 16 5, lon. 5, w., under easy sail. The watch on deck were employed in the various duties that formed the old saying among sailors, viz: "a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair."

It was four bells (anglice 6 o'clock), and the captain had just made his appearance on deck, when the man stationed at the main-top-gallant head opened his capacious mouth, and from thence proceeded the sound so welcome to a whaleman's ear:

"There she blows, there she blows, b-o-o-w-s," at regular intervals of about a second.

"Where away?" shouted the captain, as he leaped about the deck with joy, for he knew from the regularity of the spouts that it must be a sperm whale.

"Two points off astern the lee beam, sir," was the response from aloft.

"How far off?"

"About four miles off, sir."

"Give me my glass, steward." And in the same breath, "call all hands," said the captain, and in another minute, he was on the fore-top-sail yard with his glass leveled at the unconscious object of all the bustle. The last order was superfluous; for, at the first shout from aloft one of the crew—a rolicking, devil-may-care sort of a chap—stuck his head down the fo'c'sle scuttle, singing out, "tumble up there, lads, tumble up, here's sperm whales blowing the ship out, here." And tumble up they did; some half-dressed and rubbing their eyes, while others, not quite so fond of the anticipated sport, were leisurely dressing and discussing the probable chances of getting fast.

"There goes fukes," shouted the captain, as the whale slowly threw his enormous tail high in the air and disappeared in the depths of the ocean. "Back the main topsail; get the lines in the boat; stow, hurry up your breakfast!"

were the orders that followed each other in rapid succession. Then turning to me, who was the possessor of the capacious mouth aforesaid, the captain said: "Go down, E., and get your breakfast, for I want you to fetch that fellow alongside when you come aboard, and you can't do much with an empty stomach."

Upon seeing this, a deafening cheer rose from twenty throats, for our hard earned prize lay before us, and hooking on to him, we towed him to the ship where we soon had him turned into oil—of which he made us one hundred and ten barrels.—N. Y. Mercury.

THE COUNSELLOR POSED.

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, June, 1833, between certain publishing tweedledums and tweedledems, as it was an allied piracy of an arrangement of the "Old English Gentleman"—an old English air, by the by—Tom Cooke, the composer, was subpoenaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, for the opposite side, that learned counsel rather flippantly questioned him thus:

"Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean by this?"

To this Tom promptly answered—

"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes were different."

Sir James.—"What is a musical accent?"

Cooke.—"My terms are a guinea, a lesson, sir." (A loud laugh.)

Sir James, (rather ruffled.)—"Never mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?"

Cooke.—"No."

Sir James.—"Can you feel it?"

Cooke.—"A musician can." (Great laughter.)

Sir James, (very angry).—"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship (Lord Denman, who was the judge that tried the cause) and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

Cooke.—"Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood.—Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on ass; but if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Reiterated shouts of laughter, by the whole court in which the bench itself joined, followed this repartee. Silence having been at length obtained, the judge, with much seeming gravity, recited the chop-fallen counsel thus:

"Lord Denman.—Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James (who *deep red* as he naturally was to use poor Jack Reeve's own words, had become *scarlet* in more than name,) in a great huff, said—"The witness may go down!"

And go down he did, amidst renewed laughter, in which all joined, particularly the learned brothers, except one, who didn't see any joke in the matter.

"Are you bound to Chaumont?" asked Lafont.

"Yes—that is, probably."

"On business?"

"Yes, important business."

"That is fortunate," said Lafont with the utmost earnestness, "for you may, if you see fit,

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

THE AGENTS STRATEGEM.

M. Augustine Lafont was the confidential agent of a heavy banking house in Paris. Early in the spring of 1852, he set out from Paris with bills, notes, drafts, etc., to the amount of over a million of francs, for a house in Chaumont; and much secrecy had been observed in the preparations for his journey, as the kingdom was at that time infested by a secret organization of thieves. Lafont had the notes concealed in the various parts of his dress, and taking the diligence to his journey, as the kingdom was with a foot to rob me. Do not start, gentlemen, for what I tell you is true. And for that reason I set off thus alone, but my horse has met with a sad mishap, and I fear the robbers, who, I think, are yet at Nogent, may overtake me. Now, if you are going to Chaumont, perhaps you would be willing to take my package in charge and deliver it to M. Augustin at his office. Any one will tell you where it is. Then if I am overhauled, the robbers will find nothing, and, of course, you will not be suspected. If you will thus accommodate me, you shall be suitably rewarded. What say you, gentlemen?"

Nothing worthy of note occurred to arrest Lafont's attention, until he had passed nearly through the department of the Seine and Marne, when, just at nightfall, two well-dressed gentlemen hailed the diligence, and claimed passage to Chaumont. It was already too dark for the agent to clearly distinguish the features of the new comers; but yet, from what little he could see, he at once made up his mind that their countenance were not unfamiliar to him, and having come to this conclusion, he determined to watch their movements, for a vague suspicion that they had by some means become possessed of the secret of his business, took possession of his mind.

The diligence crossed the Seine at Nogent, and there remained for the night. As soon as Lafont had opportunity to examine the countenances of the strangers at the supper table, he became satisfied that his impressions were correct, for one of the travelers, at least, he had seen in Paris on the day before his departure, and he could not but notice that they both eyed him with marked interest. After supper, the agent lighted his cigar, and walked out on to the bridge, where he remained nearly half an hour, and, at the end of that time, he started back toward the inn, and just as he arrived at the door, he noticed his two traveling companions entering the stable. A feeling of curiosity prompted him to follow them, and as he came round by the stable door, he could just see the two men crouching away in an empty stall.—With a stealthy, cat-like tread, the agent crept as near as possible to the stall, and he was fortunate enough to make out the gist of their conversation.

When Lafont left the stable, he knew that the two men had left Paris for the purpose of robbing him, and that they intended to put their plan in execution as soon as the diligence should have entered the department of Upper Marne. At first the agent thought of calling upon the gendarmerie, and have the two men arrested, but then the evidence might not be sufficient to warrant such proceeding, and besides, he would thereby give the secret of his mission to others, who might be equally as ready to rob him. He returned to the inn, and after considerable reflection, he determined to procure a horse and secretly pursue his journey. Having come to this conclusion he went to the driver of the diligence, and under the plea of having to remain by the stable door, he could just see the two men crouching away in an empty stall.—With a stealthy, cat-like tread, the agent crept as near as possible to the stall, and he was fortunate enough to make out the gist of their conversation.

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The Fireman's Journal.

AGENTS.

Stockton	C. O. Burton
Marysville	Reed & Co.
Bonita	W. S. Adams
Placerville	Davis & Roy
Seneca	B. Mayer
Dowleville	Idler Gatto
Yreka	W. H. McGrath
Neveda	T. F. Green
San Jose	Elliot Reed
New York	J. F. Feeks

To the Members of the San Francisco Fire Department.

We, the undersigned, a special Monumental and Cemetery Committee appointed by the Board of Delegates of this Fire Department, inform you that a book of subscription is now open at the office of H. A. COBB, Nos. 100 and 102 Montgomery street, for the purpose of receiving donations to aid in fencing the FIRMAN'S CEMETERY and erecting a permanent MONUMENT to our deceased brothers, who perished in discharging their duties as firemen.

H. A. COBB, Chairman,
G. H. HOSSEROSS,
JOHN C. LANE.

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St. Mary's Hospital, Stockton street, East side, between Broadway and Vallejo streets.

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Nos. 210 and 212 Kearny street, East side, between Jackson and Pacific.

Buildings rear of 298 Stockton street, East side, opposite Virginia Block.

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California Hotel, corner Dupont and Commercial streets.

Brick building No. 184 Washington street.

Brick building No. 176 Washington street.

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Total.....\$870.00

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Terms made known at this office.

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